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Midsummer's here – so what does that mean to you? Maybe it suggests a sleepy English village that by any stretch of the imagination has had a hell of a lot more than its fair share of murders, or perhaps it's druidic types, hopping around fields in their robes and getting all astral. For anyone with a bit more sense, though, it means babes stripping off and showing some more flesh at long last! Not that you'd notice that working here, of course – our lovelies can barely keep any togs on all year round! – The Ed. ♣

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GO CLUB!

Now let me get this straight – *Club* is by far the best magazine of if its type by a cunt-ry mile, and has been for at least two decades. But issue 38.05 has simply blown me away. And I mean blown me away. The only thing that would have made this issue even better would have been the removing of the ads and a couple more photosets. But hey, can't go moaning about that!

The fact that I found three of my favourite girls was just the start. Suzy, Evelyn Lory and the surprise reappearance of sexy Stella. But then we had the oh-so-delicious Beth, sexpot Ashlyn (waaay better looking than that blinged-up reality TV "star" with a similar name, even though her bra was a couple of sizes too small!), lovely Lucille in some great-looking underwear, cute Monica and a stunning sapphic duo. And the reader's girlfriend was a corker as well.

I liked the extra pink shots in this issue as well – I wouldn't want *Club* to turn into Gynaecologists' Monthly, but if not overcooked the spread shots can be a real feast for the eyes – and elsewhere! Keep it up guys!

Sharkhunter, via paulraymondupdates.com

THE DIRTY COUSIN

My cousin Steve's a bit of a twat, and to be honest we've seen very little of each other in the last couple of years, even though he only lives about 10 minutes away. Still, when he got in touch last month to invite me along to his 21st birthday piss-up I thought I might as well do the decent thing and go along – family's family, after all, and I didn't have any other plans that night.

They say blood's thicker than water, and when it comes to my cousin they're dead right. When I got to the town centre bar where he was holding his celebrations he was already completely off his face, and was necking tequilas like they were lemonade, until by about 11 o'clock he was slumped in the corner, completely insensible to what was going on. Well, I was a bit ashamed for my young cousin's behaviour, but not as much as his girlfriend Hannah, who was absolutely mortified. I'd chatted to her a bit since I'd got there, and frankly was surprised that Steve had managed to acquire quite such a stunning girlfriend – she had long, mid-brown hair and dazzling green eyes, and was quite clearly wasted on my cousin – although perhaps not quite as wasted as he was on tequila!

As the evening ground to a close I saw Hannah trying to rouse Steve so she could get him home, but to no avail. Being family, I felt I was probably obliged to help out, so I went over to offer my help. Hannah flashed a smile up at me and accepted my offer, and within a couple of minutes we'd hauled Steve outside and hailed a cab back to his gaff. Hannah was still clearly furious with Steve for getting into such a state, and I tried to stick up for him, pointing out that everyone's entitled to have a few on their 21st. In the end she softened a bit, but that still didn't stop her cursing him as we struggled to get him up to his flat and finally onto his bed.

With that we went into the lounge and

she offered me another drink by way of thanks. Never one to say no to a drink offered by a beautiful girl, I accepted, and as we sat there with our vodkas Hannah started up cursing Steve again. I asked her why she was so upset and she told me she'd got him a special present, which he wouldn't now be able to enjoy on his birthday.

Oh yeah, what is it?" I asked, intrigued.

"Umm, I'm not sure I should show you," she replied, suddenly blushing, and instantly I was desperate to know.

"Go on!" I urged, "What harm can it do?"

Hannah thought about it a bit more, had a final swig of her vodka and said, "Alright then. Wait here – I'll be back in a minute."

With that she stood up and slipped out of the room. I sat there for what felt like ages before she finally came back in, making me gasp with disbelief. She was dressed in a red basque with matching knickers and stockings, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

PERT ALERT

Like most guys, I find my head being turned whenever an impressive pair of tits happens to pass me in the street, but on reflection, I have to say I prefer the perter variety that appear in *Club* more often – the kind like Dakoda's, in fact! Those pointy little nips looked so suckable, and I'm sure they'd be more sensitive than some of the great swinging melons that feature in some of the other titles on the top shelf. OK, so a tit-fuck would probably be out of the question, but having tried these a few times, I reckon they're pretty overrated anyway. And besides, with lips (both sets, I mean) as inviting as Dakoda's, who'd need anywhere else to stick their cock! So please keep them (and me!) coming!

Toby, Norwich.

IT'S A FROTT AND BAILEY

It's time to give this cute newcomer a good rubdown...

PHOTOS: EARL MILLER

What better way to kick off a mid-summer issue of the discerning man's favourite periodical than with the charms of a fresh-faced newbie like Bailey? As soon as we clapped eyes on her we knew we had a girl of proper *Club* calibre on our hands. As is so often the case when we get a new girl in, it wasn't long before we were trying to get our hands right back on her, too.

"Hey, you're being a bit forward, aren't you?" she squealed as we set about kneading her bum cheeks and plumped her gorgeous, full breasts.

Not a bit of it! Whenever we get a new girl through the door it's our professional duty to make sure she's up to scratch – our readers would expect nothing less!

"Hmm, alright then – and do I pass the test?"

Well it's a bit soon to say yet – we'll let you know in another half an hour or so… ♣

DOWN THE WIRE

What's been keeping Club's network of global correspondents busy this month?

SEX DOLLS

A 23-year-old man was recently wrestled into an Australian squad car following a series of break-ins at sex shops in downtown Cairns, in which the intruder blew up plastic dolls, had it off with them and left spuzz all over the dolls and the carpets.

Meanwhile, in Florida, middle-aged nutter George Bartusek Jr was arrested in a Cape Coral supermarket car park. Having parked his vehicle beside the store's entrance doors, Bartusek was enjoying hot sex with two inflatable women in the front seats.

He told the cops that he had come to the shopping centre to buy clothes for his "girls".

TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT

The Employment Relations Authority of New Zealand has ruled that any employee who tells his boss to "stick his job up his arse," has not officially resigned, unless he follows up with a formal letter of resignation.

ARSON ABOUT WITH MATCHES

Two adults and three teenagers were recently collared by law enforcers in Waterville, Maine, and charged with arson. Happily for the prosecution, the captured idiots had done all their work for them. All the evidence needed to put them away was found on a video the five had made describing their crime.

DOUBLE STANDARDS

26-year-old Angel Galvan-Hernandez, who was looking at a very long stretch after being convicted in a Seattle court, recently begged and pleaded with the judge to order his immediate execution, squealing and wailing that he'd "rather die a thousand times" than be jailed.

Why? Because, he said, of his fear of being raped in jail. The judge ignored his pleas and gave him 20 years for the crime he had confessed to: raping two women.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

looked absolutely stunning.

"Well, do you think he would have liked it?" she asked knowingly, as I shifted uncomfortably as a sudden swelling in my jeans attempted to make itself obvious.

"Oh yeah, I think he'd have liked it alright," I said. "It's a real shame for you that all your effort's gone to waste," I added, suspecting from the way she was looking that she was feeling as horny as me.

"Yes, isn't it? Unless, that is..." and with that she sat down beside me and, looking me straight in the eye, put her hand on my lap, immediately finding my throbbing cock and giving it a gentle squeeze.

For a moment a spasm of guilt almost stopped me, but then I remembered what a tit Steve was and, before I could think about things like that any more I found myself snogging her frantically, cupping her left boob in my hand as my tongue snaked around her soft mouth. She tasted so sweet, and continued kneading my cock through my jeans as I slid my hand down her body before cupping her hot pussy through the material of her panties. I felt her gasp as I rubbed her moist lips through

DOUBLE DIAMOND!

It's not every month you get to buy a mag that features two of your favourite diamonds *(Erm, no, it probably isn't – Ed.)*, but that's what happened last month when I found that not only did you have a wonderful spread on one of my favourite pornstars ever, Simony Diamond, but also featured that prince among drinks, Diamond White! Now you were a bit horrible about the drink, which is a bit harsh in my books – a nicely chilled glass or two in the summer is truly a thing of beauty, and I suggest you try it before you go round slagging stuff off – but at least you gave Simony credit where it was due! Can you imagine how great it would be hanging around with Simony by that pool, watching her playing with her pussy while you quaffed down a few ciders? Heaven on Earth!

Ryan, Solihull.

We don't have to imagine what it's like, Ryan! Except for the cider bit, that is... – Ed.

BOGS CLEVER

I don't know about screwing in bathrooms, exactly, but I've seen my fair share of action in the bogs of plenty of nightclubs and I reckon Nichola (38.06) would be just the sort of girl who'd think nothing of giving me a quick knee-trembler within about 10 minutes of us meeting.

The girls who go clubbing round here are all pretty filthy, and I've lost count of the number who've noshed me off in the bogs in the last couple of years. A couple of weeks ago I had two within an hour of each other, and neither of them could get enough! Sure, it's nice to make love in a bed, but sometimes you really can't beat a dirty bunk-up in the bogs – especially when there's a whole dancefloor full of fanny to choose from!

Jack, Chingford.

the silk before easing her panties to one side and slipping a couple of fingers deep inside her. This made her squirm and push her pussy further down onto my hand, her sticky juices coating my fingers and knuckles as she began to writhe around like a thing possessed. She was obviously very turned-on, and continued to basically hump my hand until she juddered through an intense climax.

By this stage my cock was leaking pre-come and was desperate to be free so, feeling that we now knew each other well enough to dispense with any further formalities, I stood up and unzipped. Hannah looked on as my cock sprang out in front of her, thick and purple, and just begging to be sucked! She wasn't the kind of girl who needed telling what to do, and no sooner was it free than she's grabbed it and guided the bloated helmet between her warm lips.

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IN THIS MONTH...

SCIENCE & SPACE EXPLORATION
40 YEARS AGO – MEN PRETEND TO LAND ON A MOON SET IN A TV STUDIO

1969: In the course of a fabulous global hoax to convince the Soviet Union that America has won the space race, 'astronauts' Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins clamber into the nose-cone of a giant Saturn 5, which lifts off and heads, so the citizens of Earth are led to believe, for the moon.

What no-one except Nixon, the CIA and NASA chiefs know is that the three men have exited the rocket, unseen, on the Saturn 5's far side. They are then whisked down in a special elevator to an underground TV studio located beneath the launch pad. Meantime the rocket is blasted miles into space where it promptly dissolves into (very) thin air.

For the next three days the gallant trio are filmed inside a crude cardboard and plastic set intended to represent the command module, cracking jokes and trying to remember to make "peep" noises out of the corners of their mouths several seconds after they say anything.

On the fourth day, the Lunar Module, a hastily constructed prop, is lowered down on a wire into a gigantic sandbox on another set, where actors in space suits bunny-hop about on hidden bungee rope before planting a flag.

At least this is what most people believe. A few credulous types just think they went to the moon.

CRIME & PUNISHMENT
55 YEARS AGO – DILLINGER TOPPED BY G-MEN

1934: Public Enemy Number Uno John Dillinger eats death in an alley after being ambushed by the FBI, who have been tipped off by the elder of his two female companions, a Romanian brothel madam named Anna Sage.

For the past, year Dillinger had deliberately taunted dress-wearing FBI boss J Edgar Hoover by making collect phone calls to the FBI headquarters in Washington, DC, and sending him Christmas cards. Incensed, Hoover allocated a third of the FBI's entire annual budget to hunting down Dillinger and rubbing him out.

To this very day, fans continue to observe "John Dillinger Day" (July 22). Members of the "John Dillinger Died for You Society" traditionally gather at the Biograph Theater and retrace his last shambling walk to the alley where he bought the farm, following a bagpiper playing Amazing Grace.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS
18 YEARS AGO – WARSAW PACT OFFICIALLY CALLS IT A DAY

1991: The Warsaw Pact, which has bound the so-called "carsey countries", i.e. former Soviet satellite states, to the USSR as unwilling allies for decades, is finally and officially dissolved at a big meeting in Prague. At last the enslaved Slavic peoples of these countries are free to live and prosper, renting out their women to Western businessmen and stag-do revellers and their cities to cheap-arse Hollywood film-makers.

Nine days later, Boris Yeltsin begins his term as the first elected president of Russia… although it will be several months until he sobers up enough to realise he has a new job.

Looking at the state of the former Soviet Union through those bleary eyes, he quickly decides the situation is hopeless and climbs back into a bottle again for the remainder of his presidency.

ECONOMICS & CONSUMERISM
12 YEARS AGO – NO MORE WOOLIES

1997: The F.W. Woolworth Company – parent company to our own Woolies which finally konked out only last year – closes its doors after a staggering 117 years in business selling little plastic things, Christmas wrapping paper and Pick'n'Mix.

The shock closure of the worldwide chain throws consumers into panic with everyone wondering where the fuck they're going to get their little plastic things from now on and what on earth they're going to wrap them in if they can find them in the first place.

On the black market, however, freed from Woolworth's monopoly, the assorted sweeties mandarins make an illegal killing, effectively cornering global pick'n'mix traffic for themselves.

I HAVE A CUNNY PLAN!

Some might call it fate, but whatever it is – we're certainly glad it exists!

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

Some girls are so perfect for *Club* you can't help wondering whether their parents had us in mind when they first set about conceiving, 20-odd years ago. I mean, take Jan here (and you would, wouldn't you?). A gorgeous face, long golden tresses, perfectly proportioned and supremely suckable tits and the cutest cooze you could possibly wish for. Well, it can't be a coincidence, can it, that a creature this heavenly should come into the world and then, almost immediately upon turning legal, pitch up at our office looking for modelling opportunities?

But according to the girl herself, there certainly wasn't any such master scheme. "Oh no, my parents don't know I've appeared in *Club* – they're quite old fashioned about things like that!" she insisted when we put the idea to her.

Well, perhaps she's right, and the whole thing really is just all a random sequence of events. But if it is, fuck knows how we've been lucky enough to come up with magazines full of girls like Jan all these years!

♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

Wanna see Jan get even ruder? Then go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club

Tune in and get turned-on by Jan and co.
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SEX TIPS FROM THE TOP

JUST BANG THEM UP DOWN THE NICK AND TELL THEM TO STEP OUT OF THEIR PANTIES

PHILIP GLENISTER a.k.a. D.C.I. GENE HUNT from LIFE ON MARS and ASHES TO ASHES

OK sunshine. You wanted to get advice about getting your bloody end away with women from the big knobs… well here I am. I'm the swinging dick around here with the flashiest Quattro, so you wouldn't be wrong if you thought that I might know a thing or two about the ladies.

So pay attention. Or get bloody nicked.

Fact is, I'm never done dispensing advice on this subject. Every new bloody face my superiors assign to my nick as my second in command has been hit by fucking cars or bullets which have somehow projected them back in time or summat. First it was that DI Tyler arse, now it's the dishy brunette thing that used to star in *Spooks*. Worst of all, they all want to have a bloody time travel /coma romance.

And who do they come to seeking words of chauvinistic bent copper wisdom. That's right: their Uncle Gene Hunt – the Gene genie.

I told that Sam Tyler wanker the same thing that I'm telling you: there are several ways to attract women, and they all involve being a corrupt but good-hearted senior police officer who doesn't mind bending a few laws and breaking a few heads.

Lesson one. Best place to pick up a nice pair of stockings is a bar. Take your pick, go up to her and show her your warrant card. Then sneer and smash her boyfriend in the face. Next, slap the cuffs on the little woman, pop her in the Quattro or whatever motor you're driving – back seat or the boot, doesn't much matter - and take her down the station for "questioning".

If you want a woman to respect you and grant you sexual favours, she has to be a bit frightened of you, so in the interrogation room call her "Luv" and shout at her and eat soggy chips and spit coffee out, saying "This is bloody piss-water, this!" and stride around and scratch your crotch. Then ask her to kneel on the floor and tell her, "Come on then, sweetheart, may as well do something nice for the Law while you're down there."

What you are looking for is a result. Speak very slowly and precisely, sneer and roll your eyes, call her a slapper and a dozy twat and she'll be eating out of your hand – or your kecks – in no time. Because women like that sort of treatment. They like to know who's in charge.

And, erm, who to name when they sue the Manchester police or the Met.

So. In summary: bloody skirts. Best steer clear of them, my son; they're nothing but trouble.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

As she began to swirl her tongue around my shaft and suck on my bell-end my mind suddenly flickered back to Steve – what if he walked in on us like this?! Then again, I remembered what sort of state he'd been in, and figured the odds were pretty well stacked in my favour, and anyway, Hannah was doing such a great job slurping away on my tool there was no way I was going to stop her! As I looked down at her I saw her head bobbing back and forth, as she set up a steady rhythm, sucking as much of my 7 inches into her mouth as she could each time. To be perfectly honest I would quite happily have blown my load down her throat there and then and be done with it, but Hannah's pussy was clearly in need of some more attention, because after a minute or two of this expert cocksucking she stopped, stood up, turned round and leaned forward, her elbows resting on the back of the sofa. Pulling her sodden panties to one side she said, "And now are you going to stick that thing in me?"

I certainly was – the sight before my eyes was way too inviting to refuse – her pussy was glistening, the pink lips already slightly parted and her tight little bumhole seemed to be winking up at me. Pointing the tip of my prick towards her slippery opening I pushed forward, slipping easily inside her well-lubricated hole until I was buried ball-deep in her burning hot love-box.

Hannah pushed back, making sure she had every inch of me inside her, and then began gyrating her hips again, while at the same time rubbing her clit with her right hand. I, meanwhile, just held onto her hips and enjoyed the view – not to mention the sensation! – of this horny young thing's bum grinding itself against my fat pole. I knew that if I started slamming into her I'd come within seconds, and realizing that this might be my only chance to screw her I wanted to make it last a bit longer than that!

It wasn't too long before she seemed to be approaching another climax, so to hurry her on her way I leant forward slightly and dribbled onto her bumhole. Then, cautiously, I worked a finger towards her tightest hole until I was teasing it gently, just probing and smearing my saliva round it a bit at first, before finally snaking the end of it inside. This made Hannah gasp, and as my eager digit buried itself deeper in her arse she let out an involuntary yelp before she began to shake all over. I held on tight as she bucked and twitched her way through an almighty orgasm, but when her knees started to give I gave up and pulled

"As my digit buried itself in her arse she let out a yelp…"

out, my cock streaked and shiny with all her pussy juices.

Now that Hannah'd clearly had her fill I figured it was my turn, and as she pulled herself together and sat on the sofa I offered her my bloated prick once more. It must have been pretty obvious I wasn't far off coming, because she grabbed it and gave it a couple of tugs before stuffing it back into her mouth. It felt so great that I barely had time to give a couple of thrusts of my hips before I was exploding inside her, filling her mouth with jet after jet of spunk, which, hats off the girl, she gulped down just as fast as I was producing the stuff.

At last I was done, and I slumped down on the sofa beside her for a couple of minutes while we got our breaths back. Suddenly I remembered Steve again, and said that I probably ought to be going. Hannah flushed and said I was probably right.

"You mustn't tell Steve," she added. "I'd only deny it anyway, and he always believes me."

I promised I wouldn't say a word to him – and I haven't – but that doesn't mean I can't write to *Club* about it, does it?

Ollie, Birmingham. ♣

WORTH THE WAIT!

We kept Morgan hanging around for a recall – could you?!

PHOTOS: STEPHEN HICKS

Young Morgan here caused quite a stir (especially in the pants region) when we got her in for her debut *Club* shoot earlier in the year, so it was always going to be a matter of (not much) time before we got on the blower to see if she could come back for a second round.

"Ah!" she gasped when she realised it was us on the phone, "I thought I'd done something wrong. I never usually have to wait this long for guys to call me back!"

Well, we should imagine not – if you were ever lucky enough to tease a phone number out of a girl anywhere near as foxy as Morgan, you'd probably be pestering her with messages before she'd even left the building, but here at *Club* we like to treat them mean, in the hope that it'll keep them keen.

Well, we explained to her that we'd been pretty busy, and there were always plenty of other girls keen to appear in the mag, and that seemed to do the trick – when she turned up for the shoot she couldn't have been keener, as we reckon these pix will show only too clearly. Now theoretically we should leave her to stew again for a few more months, but it'll be hard...! ♣

MORGAN

club's kit bag

This Month: CAMPING KIT

Want to spend some time in the 'great' outdoors? Well OK, if you must - but don't forget these!

Yep, it's that time of year again! The sun is shining, the music festivals are on and the recession has meant that none of us can afford a decent holiday. But, we're British, and if there's one thing we Brits do well, it's make the best of our situation using a bit of canvas, some sticks and a firm resolve! It's the way we won Agincourt, the way we won WWI and WWII, the way we won in 1966 – it's the ruddy British way!

So if you're stuck here and are intent upon going camping – or even heading down to Glasto or any of those other 'music fests' where you can see the likes of The Feeling or White Lies or even Scouting for Girls – then you're going to need some top gadgets to get you through it. Gadgets like these, in fact…

Ultra Motor A2B Metro

Price: £1950

www.ultramotor.com

They say that getting there is half the fun. Well, I don't know who 'they' are or why 'they' seem to think their opinion should be so weighty. But what I do know is this: in this age of planet saving smugness, there can be only one thing for the job: the electric bike…

Launched earlier this year, the A2B Metro is a 'power on demand' model on which you can either pedal and shed weight, or cruise under power like some obese cunt; probably with piercings on your way to see the Bluetones at some tawdry local festival.

With a battery good for 20-miles at some 15.5mph, it's hardly going to be a thrill-a-second ride or provide for an epic road trip, but given how far some entrances to music fests are from the actual car park, it'll almost certainly come in handy.

QuickPitch Tent

Price: from £35

www.firebox.com

A self-erecting tent that means you won't have to piss around with poles in the pissing rain whilst bursting for a piss on some pissant campsite? Yes please!

Available in two and four man sizes, the QuickPitch is a work of slumming-it genius. Weighing just 2kg, this polyester and nylon beauty starts of as a 78cm wide hoop which you simply unzip, unfold and peg down. Fibreglass poles ensure the whole shebang is sturdy enough to withstand the British weather and as it's erectable in a couple of minutes, you'll be free to sit back in the dry, possibly boiling up some water on a gas stove for your delicious Not Poodle, possibly having a wank, watching all your fellow campers struggle with poles, guy ropes and canvas sheets as the rain buckets down. Mmm, smug.

Loc8tor Lite

Price: £45

www.loc8tor.co.uk

One of the biggest problems with camping is that, when you stumble back in the middle of the night full of booze and legal highs, it can be almost impossible to find your own tent amongst the sea of canvas that engulfs it. So, you can either: a) commandeer the tent of somebody weaker following a contest of strength; b) wander round and round, sobbing, before giving up and curling up in a foetal position beneath the stars or; c) get yourself a Loc8tor Lite!

As simple as a quiz contestant on daytime TV, all you have to do is leave one of the tiny Homing Tags in your tent and once you're within 400ft of your tent, the credit card sized handset will guide you home using its array of lights.

Accurate to within an impressive 2.5cm, it certainly beats the shit of sleeping outdoors and having your face chewed off by a bear/yokel.

FreeLoader Solar Charger

Price: £30

www.firebox.com

Keen to get into the hessian-weaved knickers of some crusty Earth Mother? Then why not serenade her with music from Jethro Tull, The Levellers or any of the other stuff folk listen to in a bid to look right-on? But what's that? Playing music takes electricity, and electricity requires the burning of fossil fuels, and Al Gore says that's wrong! Well not any more! Regardez: the FreeLoader Solar Charger…

Just by using that big yellow thing floating 93-million miles away, you can unfold this natty little twatter outside, plug your mobile/ MP3-player/ rechargeable vibrating vagina in and – by the power of Greyskull! – your gadgets will be fully charged without costing you or the Earth a bean! Prepare for unpleasantly stinky tramp sex! ♣

Next Issue: HYDRAULIC LESBIANS

COME ON AUSSIE!

This lush antipodean is over here for a year or so, so if you fancy a crack, keep 'em peeled...

PHOTOS: TANIA STEVENSON

Holli here's spending that obligatory year or two in Blighty that every Aussie of a certain age likes to get out of their system, swapping their life of sun and barbies for the overcrowded drizzle that we seem to specialise in. So how are you finding things so far?

"Aw, it's great over here in England – there are so many things to see and do here. Just the other week a few of us went to Stonehenge, which was amazing, and this summer we're going up to Scotland!"

Hmm, and have you had a chance to sample any pommie males while you've been over here?

"Oh sure – I've had quite a few to keep me busy. It's incredible how considerate British guys are in the sack. With most Aussie guys it's all over before you know it, but you Brits really know how to make a girl feel special. I've had more foreplay here than I had my whole life before coming over!"

Hmm, well if you're feeling homesick at all, give us a call... ♣

Get that remote handy and check Holli out on
PAUL RAYMOND TV
Sky Channel 911

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

ALL-IN TESLA!

An electric car that goes like shit off a shovel and has room for passengers? Tell us more...

We've seen the future of the motor car – and it's shaped like a Lotus! Tesla's Elise-based Roadster has shaken up the industry by delivering supercar performance from a zero-emissions (well, except for the power stations!) electric drivetrain that can realistically be used every day. Now the firm is set to give the executive saloon class a great big kick in the chuff by introducing a luxurious four-door featuring similar technology.

If anything, the new *Model S* is the more important car, not only for Tesla but for the automotive business as a whole. As the Roadster weighs in at around £100,000, it's within reach of a very limited number of buyers. The saloon, though, is expected to start from around £40,000 when it hits the UK in 2012, so it obviously carries much wider appeal.

That figure is sure to terrify the Jaguar XF and have the likes of the Mercedes E-Class and BMW 5-Series quaking in their jackboots – especially as the American manufacturer isn't run solely by tech geeks, but also employs folk who know a bit about car design.

Over the years, many eco-friendly models have been forced to adopt some pretty crappy styling to incorporate the innovations within. Not Tesla. The Roadster looked great with its Elise-inspired lines, and the *Model S* takes its cues from another attractive Brit; in profile, its sweeping, four-door coupe-like shape bears a striking resemblance to the XF – and is arguably even sharper, thanks to its dramatic headlights and purposeful grille. The huge alloys wear low-profile tyres, while a strong shoulder line curves around into a beautifully conceived rear end. The finishing touch, meanwhile, is the smart full-length glass roof.

The interior isn't likely to have customers running out of showrooms, War Of The Worlds-style, either. There's space for five adults inside, plus a pair of flip-up rear-facing chairs for ugly kids in the boot. Fold the back seats flat and the car will swallow masses of luggage, and because the powertrain is mounted in the floor, there's even a further storage area under the bonnet.

As the *Model S* is gunning for the premium market, the finish inside reeks of quality, with top-grade materials used throughout. Plus, the 17-inch touchscreen display in the centre console is as intuitive as any rival's cabin control system. It gives easy access to all manner of features, and incorporates 3G technology for Internet browsing on the move. If that weren't enough, gadget-obsessed owners can even check the charge level remotely using their iPhone.

You don't see the most important technology in the *Model S*, though. The drivetrain comprises a liquid-cooled electric motor, which runs off a bank of 8,000 lithium-ion batteries, ingeniously packaged to take up the minimum of space. The Roadster has only

3,000 cells, and while it doesn't weigh as much as the 1,700kg newcomer, it can't match the saloon's range. The motor's power is fed to the rear wheels through a single-speed transaxle gearbox, and this takes the *Model S* from 0-60mph in 5.6 seconds. There are no jolts from a manual or automatic transmission to hold you back; once you release the brake and press the throttle, the saloon surges forward effortlessly – and silently. It keeps on pulling all the way to a top speed of around 130mph. And that's just the entry-level car; sportier models promise even stronger performance.

As with the Roadster, the four-door is expected to deliver an excellent balance of agility and ride comfort. Plus, for petrolheads who can't drive a car without hearing its engine roar, there is likely to be an exhaust note synthesiser providing everything from spaceship-style whooshes to a muscular V8 growls.

The biggest hurdle makers of electric cars face has nothing to do with the noise they make, though. Rather, it's convincing buyers their products are not milk floats that need plugging in every five minutes. Tesla went some way towards achieving that with the Roadster, and the *Model S* hammers the point home even harder. Buyers will be able to take their pick from three different battery packs, giving a range of 160, 220 or 300 miles from a single charge. All have their own on-board battery charger, and full power can be restored in anything from four hours to 45 minutes. What's more, Tesla says it will be possible to swap the bank of batteries in around the time it takes to fill a conventional car's fuel tank. Clever stuff.

Of course, significant investment in infrastructure for electric cars is required for this more mass-market Tesla to be a realistic proposition, and in certain states of the firm's US home market, this is being put in place. But for all their talk of £5,000 grants for buyers of battery-powered vehicles, slippery politicians in the UK simply don't seem interested. So it looks like the *Model S* will end up being the preserve of a privileged few motorists willing to make major compromises – and given its considerable talents, that's a travesty. ♣

A single-speed transaxle gearbox takes the Model S from 0-60 in 5.6 seconds...

TESLA MODEL S

Powertrain: Lithium-ion battery pack/liquid-cooled motor • **0-60mph:** 5.6 seconds • **Top speed:** 130mph
Range: Up to 300 miles • **Price:** From £40,000 (est) • **On sale:** 2012 • **Contact:** *www.teslamotors.com*

SHE'S TOO GOOD TO RESIST!

Joa's got just what it takes to take your mind off all your worries!

PHOTOS: CHERRY BLOSSOM

Ever since Joa first appeared on the *Club* radar as a reader's girlfriend last year, we've spent more time fantasizing about being in the black than Alistair Darling – and if the way she carried on during this shoot is anything to go by, we reckon we've got a much better chance! Honestly, she's a right horny little strumpet who thinks nothing of peeling open her juicy pussy lips and giving her stiff little clit a rub while all the time looking you straight in the eye and daring you not to do some sort of huge comedy gulp.

It's not every reader's girlfriend who goes on to feature in the rest of the mag, but from the way Joa was giving us the eye as she did all sorts of rude things with herself, we're glad we offered her the chance of another appearance! There can't be many finer things in the world than being treated to a floor show by a girl like Joa, who seems to specialise in crawling around on her hands and knees, presenting her perfect rear for closer inspection to see if anyone wants to pick up the gauntlet. But did anyone? Well let's put it this way, it's not just the national finances that are well and truly fucked! ♣

Joa's getting even more taxing at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

Sweet Joa's got stuck in our web:

www.paulraymond.com/club

THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

There's more to life than gloriously naked young ladies, you know. Like having a good laugh, say. Luckily Club can do one of those things, isn't it?

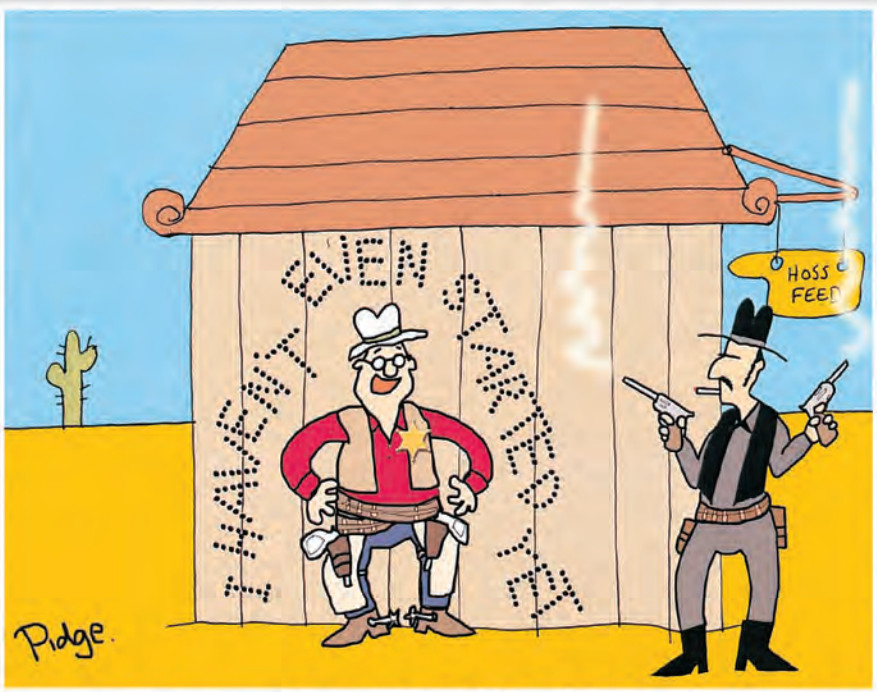
Send us your favourite filthy jokes and we could reward you with a crisp £50 note so that you can go down the pub and have a drink with your mates while you tell it! Send your joke to the usual address or email them to clubint@paulraymond.com

FANCY A FILLING?

One night, as a couple lay down for bed, the husband gently taps his wife on the shoulder and starts rubbing her arm. The wife turns over and says, "I'm sorry, honey, I've got a gynaecologist appointment tomorrow and I want to stay fresh." The husband, rejected, turns over and tries to sleep.

A few minutes later, he rolls back over and taps his wife again. This time he whispers in her ear, "Do you have a dentist appointment tomorrow too?"

Brian, Esher.



" Ya missed me didn't ya? "

SOLD AS SEEN

I bought an antique Persian rug off eBay. It was advertised as being in mint condition.

When it arrived, there was a great fucking hole in the middle.

Frank, Kingston.

UNHAPPY HOUR

A man walks into a pub, goes to the bar and orders a beer.

"Certainly, Sir, that'll be ten pence."

"Ten pence!?" the man exclaims. He glances at the menu and then asks, "How much for a nice juicy steak and a bottle of wine?"

"That will be a pound," the barman replies.

"A pound! Wow!" exclaims the man. "Tell me, where's the guy who owns this place?"

The bartender replies, "Upstairs, with my wife."

"And what's he doing upstairs with your wife?" the man asks.

"I'd guess he's doing exactly the same thing I'm doing to his business down here," comes the reply.

Ray, Axminster.

SLIM CHANCE

A man goes to hospital feeling really unwell. The Doctor performs some tests and says, "I am afraid you have a very rare and very contagious disease. We'll be transferring you immediately to a room where you will kept in strict quarantine and be fed a diet of pizza, toast and pancakes."

"Will that cure me?" asks the man, hopefully.

"Probably not," says the Doctor, "but it's the only food we can get under the fucking door!"

Geoff, Swindon.

EDEN STEVENS

Adam and Eve were walking in the Garden of Eden. They came across God who was putting a few finishing touches to the scenery.

"Oh! Hello you two," said God cheerfully. "I was hoping to see you today. I'm just finishing things off and I've got two gifts left in my bag to share out between you."

"Oh, what are they?" asked Adam excitedly.

"Well the first is a little 'hose' to urinate through," said God. "I figured I'd call it a penis."

"Oh brilliant!" exclaimed Adam. "That would be so cool. Just think what I could do with that! I could have competitions to see how far up the wall I could piss, or write my name in the snow, or have a slash without having to sit down. Hey, I could leave the toilet seat up and really annoy the missus. I could have a right good time with that. I'd love that God. Can I have it please?"

"OK Adam, there you go," said God, and he fished it out of his bag and presented Adam with his brand new penis.

What do I get, then?" asked Eve, just starting to feel a twinge of envy.

Looking in his bag again, God said, "Well Eve, it looks like you're going to have to make do with the multiple orgasms."

Martin, Edinburgh. ♣

PRIZE JOKE!

NOT MY TYPE

A husband and wife decide that they need to use code in front of their daughter to tell each other when they want sex. They both agree that the code word is "typewriter."

One day, the husband says to his daughter, "Can you go and tell your mum that I need to type a letter?"

The daughter runs off to her mummy and tells her, to which the mummy replies, "The typewriter has red ribbon in - so its not working."

A couple of days later, the mummy tells her daughter, "Go and tell daddy that he can use the typewriter now."

The little girl runs off and tells daddy, to which he replies, "Go and tell mummy that it doesn't matter now – I wrote the letter by hand."

Ryan, Colchester.

ALL THE WA-HAY!

We don't take any of that red-top rubbish here, thank you!

PHOTOS: KEVIN MAKLIN

Well, if 'scoops' in the national press are anything to go by, young Natasha here's been getting up to all sorts of naughtiness, but then *Club* readers could have told you that long ago! So she might be getting her boobs out for those poor tabloid readers, but this is the only place where you'll get to see her in all her glory! And what a glorious sight she is, too! Let's face it, it's not many girls who can, without having recourse to the surgeon's knife, lie flat on their backs (like in the picture right above these words, say) and still have beautiful shapely norks that stand out proudly, is it?

So where's the best place to go to see Natasha and hotties like her, every single month? Well, go on, have a guess... ♣

Nat's rude here, but she's even ruder at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

NATASHA
You won't see stuff like this in the papers:
www.paulraymond.com/club

Club Girl of the Month
NATASHA
For the ruder pics we couldn't print, go to
www.paulraymond.com/club

LIVE! UNFILTERED PHONE FUCKING! 09097 450 045

Slutty Student 18+
SEX CHAT
Horny 1st Time Virgins
FUCK them NOW!
09097 450 046

ASAIN BEAUTIES
IMAGINE my TIGHT WET LIPS around your HARD COCK!
STRETCH ME WIDE!
CALL ME NOW! 09823 460 593

SLACK GRANNY FANNY
MY LOOSE PUSSY NEEDS FILLING!
FUCK ME! FIST ME! SHOVE IT UP MY ARSE!
09823 460 594

ARE YOU HUNGRY? FEAST ON MY FAT CUNT TILL I CUM ON YOUR FACE!
XXX FAT FONE FUCK!
09823 460 595

LIVE! CUM in SECONDS MAKE MY CUNT RED RAW
"SLAM ME HARD!"
09097 450 054

POSH PUSSY
FUCK MY CLASSY FUCK HOLE! with YOUR BIG, HARD COCK! DO AS YOU PLEASE!
09823 460 597

SELFIE SLUTS EXXXPOSED
"I'M WET AND READY TO SUCK AND FUCK!"
text: MINNIEX to: 89126
UNSENCORED, UNREALEASED
NUDES SENT TO YOU FROM THE HOTTEST SLUTS!
"I WANT TO HEAR YOU WANK WHILE I RUB MY SOFT PUSSY!"
text: KIRIX to: 89126
Texts cost £1.50. 3 replies per message sent

BUSTED WIVES WET & WAITING to be GIVEN A GOOD shafting!
"I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN SECONDS!"
09823 460 596

HOT MILF FILTH
SHE'LL PUT ANYTHING IN HER MOUTH!
"LET ME GOBBLE YOU OFF! THEN FUCK MY PUSSY!"
09823 460 598

Chick with Dick needs a tight ARSE to stuff!
Call Me I'm Waiting XX
"IF YOU SUCK MINE I'LL SUCK YOURS!"
SLUTS WITH NUTS!
09845 751 592

BLACK BABES FILL MY DARK HOLES!
STICKY QUICKIE WITH EXOTIC BABES!
09823 460 599

BIG BOOTY BITCHES!
"USE & ABUSE MY ARSE!"
XXX BUM FUN!
09823 460 600

GREATEST TIT-WANK EVER!
UNZIP and UNLOAD over my HUGE TITS!
09823 460 601

HIGH CLASS MISTRESS NEEDS SLAVES
BE MY BITCH!
HARDCORE DUNGEON SESSIONS WITH KINKY DOMMES
09845 751 591
WARNING

LIVE! DOMINATION
TIE ME UP AND DO AS YOU PLEASE
SUB GAGGED CLAMPED CAGED & Made to OBEY!
I'M READY TO BE PUNISHED
09845 751 593

CONFESSIONS!
DON'T TALK, JUST LISTEN!
30 SEC WANK
09097 450 055

GLAM SEXT CHAT
SWAP PICS WITH SEXY SINGLE GIRLS!
XXX
text: GLAMX to: 89126
Texts cost £1.50. 3 replies per message sent

GRANNY FANNY
LISTEN AS SHE FINGERS HER RUSTY BUCKET CUNT!
DO YOU LIKE EXPERIENCED WOMEN?
EXXXTREME OAP PHONE FUCK!
09823 460 602

Finally Legal teens
18+

Tight teen Shaggers
LISTEN TO ME RUB MY JUICY SLIT!
Hear me squirt everywhere!
09823 460 603

Lustful lesbians
wet cunts need a hard cock!
0984 5751 594
YOU'RE INVITED TO ALL GIRL PUSSY PARTY!

TEXT A TART! SWAP PIX WITH HORNY SLUTS! text: TARTX to: 89126
Texts cost £1.50. 3 replies per message sent

Worldwide Digital Media Ltd PO Box 143 BN18 8DF. All 09097 calls cost £0.36 per minute, 09823 calls cost £0.65 per minute & 09845 calls cost £1.55 plus your phone company's access charge. All live calls are recorded in line with PPP regulations. Live service provided by Luv2Chat PO Box 143 BN18 8DF. Texts to 89126 cost £1.50 plus standard network charges per message received. Maximum three replies per text. 89126 is a virtual text chat service. Some automated messages may be sent for billing purposes. This is not a subscription service. This is an adult text chat service with no guarantee of meeting made or implied. Service is for entertainment/fantasy/role play purposes only. Photos are of models and are for display purposes only. Users must be over 18 years old and must have the bill payers permission. Text STOP to 89126 to stop service. Help line 0333 313 0018. You may receive free promotional messages. To opt out of marketing messages text OPTOUT to 89126.

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1D 7AW (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Jools **AGE:** 24
VITAL STATISTICS: 32A
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Sex!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
For a couple of years now I've been fascinated by the idea of getting into porn, and I thought this would be a great place to get started – I figured that if I could get into Club, there'd be nothing to stop me!

WELL HERE YOU ARE IN CLUB, SO WE GUESS IT'S NEXT STOP THE WORLD. SO WHY THE DESIRE TO GET INTO THE BUSINESS?
Well I've enjoyed reading mags and watching pornos ever since I first discovered sex, and as time went on I came to realise that it was a real fantasy I wanted to live for myself. The idea of getting fucked and loads of other people getting off from watching me is just incredible – in fact just thinking about it now has got my pussy tingling!

WELL, IF YOU FEEL LIKE GIVING IT A RUB, DON'T LET US STOP YOU!
Don't worry, I won't! The bigger the audience watching me perform the better, so a couple of guys in the room wouldn't stop me!

ANY MESSAGE FOR CLUB READERS?
Yes – remember the face and the name – not to mention the pussy! – because if I've got anything to do with it I'll be appearing in some grumble flicks before long! ♣

This mucky minx is pulling out all the stops at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

See whether Jools has what it takes on

PAUL RAYMOND TV

Sky Channel 911

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

_____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

_____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

_____

_____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: **Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 2 Archer St, Piccadilly, London W1D 7AW**

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

The Club International

Stereo of Filth &

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

ALBUM REVIEWS

HOCKEY

Mind Chaos (EMI)

Playing mixed hockey at school was great – observing the blossoming assets of the girls whilst twatting the opposition with a glorified piece of 3 x 2. Mind Chaos is equally as fun – imagine The Strokes with their hand up a lass's skirt and you're in the right ball park.

LA ROUX

La Roux (Polydor)

Possibly the tightest pussy in pop – La Roux is for those who like to dabble in a little gay electro and illegal substances distributed from someone's living room in Amsterdam. She's supported Lily Allen on tour and sounds like Prince after a sex change.

KID BRITISH

It Was This Or Football (Mercury)

These mischievous Manc lads have toured with The Enemy and The Specials and in a recent interview with *Club*, lead singer Simeon hinted that he enjoyed a bit of ATM – which makes him a top man. If your girl likes a bit of ska in her music then she'll bending over in no time.

BLOC PARTY

Intimacy Remixed (Wichita Recordings)

Bloc Party's third album gets the remix treatment – not a bad way of avoiding the credit crunch if you're a record company. 13 treats including those from Armand Van Helden and Mogwai will keep you gurning till the early hours.

DIRTY PROJECTORS

Bitte Orca (Domino)

Smoke the odd bit off weed? Hate Radio 1? Then this is for you my friend – experimental pop music that your average Sharon and Tracy will simply not understand. But if you are trying to shag that brainy looking girl in the University library, then Bitte Orca could just be the ticket.

BLACK PUSSY LIPS

Club chats to Black Lips bassist and vocalist Jared Swilley…

Word has it you want to play in Iraq?
Yeah, I would like to go there… We're friends with this heavy metal band from Baghdad called Acrassicauda – they have been trying to get refugee status for a long time and they've just moved to America. The first day they were here, they got backstage with Metallica and James Hetfield gave them his guitar. Their practise space in Baghdad got blown up by a mortar.

And I heard you went to the Amsterdam of the Amazon – Iquitos in Peru. I've been there too – did you go to the strip clubs?
No I didn't. I regret that. I saw a lot of prostitutes though…

Yeah, ahem, me too! Where's the most unusual place you've ever had sex?
A bathroom in a Turkish Muslim restaurant in Germany last February. I was DJing after a show and we needed a place so we ran into the bathroom of this Halal shop and there was a bunch of old men in there.

And how long had you known this German bird before you had her in the bathroom?
About 10 minutes.

Rock'n'roll. Ever been in trouble with the Police?
On our first tour we were driving to Memphis from Atlanta and on route we were passing through a place where they were having this festival. The Police were pulling over every vehicle without a state plate and I guess they were trying to get a bit of revenue from all the people that were carrying drugs. We had a very miniscule amount of marijuana on us and we said it was everyone's because it was. They made us say it was one person so we played rock paper scissors and I lost. Well actually I won, but we played the game all fucked up so I took the charge. We ended up becoming friends with the cops and then they found some mushrooms on us but they were playing Lynryd Skynyrd and we knew all the words – so they gave us high fives and they let us off and didn't arrest us.

And they left the mushrooms with you?
No they took them, but they were shitty mushrooms anyway.

And I believe you had a bit of bother in India?
Yeah. We didn't really understand how conservative everything was in India. Cole and Ian kissed onstage and homosexuality is illegal there. The sponsors pulled all the money out of the tour and kicked us off the shows and called the police – we had to go to a different city and then basically get the hell out of there.

Tell us a story about your visit to Israel.
Our cameraman got shot. Since Israel built the wall, people have gone to this town called Belen to protest there every Friday, and our cameraman went to film it – and they shot him with a rubber bullet! I saw the footage of it – it was crazy. He was screaming, "I got shot!" Some little kid gave him the rubber bullet that hit him! And then they blasted some tear gas at the guy from our record label. Some guy actually died there a little while ago from being tear gassed.

Blimey! Cheers Jared!

New single 'I'll Be With You' is out now. Also, check them out online at www.myspace.com/theblacklips

Love!

LIVE MUSIC IN JULY

Go to a festival, watch a band, get laid...

T IN THE PARK (10th - 12th)
Kinross, Scotland
Wear a kilt, drink Tennants, and watch Kings of Leon, The Killers, and Blur.

GLADE FESTIVAL (16th - 19th)
Winchester, Hants
Get fucked off your face and watch Underworld, Booka Shade, and Krafty Kuts.

LOVEBOX WEEKENDER (18th - 19th)
Victoria Park, London
Duran Duran + N*E*R*D + New York Dolls = London's best festival.

GLOBAL GATHERING (24th - 25th)
Stratford on Avon
Fit birds, dodgy substances, and The Prodigy, Orbital, and Carl Cox. Perfect.

WIRELESS FESTIVAL (4th - 5th)
Hyde Park, London
Kanye West, Basement Jaxx, Digitalism and Mr D. Rascal. Lovely.

THE EAGLES
Glasgow Hampden Park **(4th)**
Brum Arena **(7th & 8th)**
Manchester Arena **(11th & 12th)**

LEONARD COHEN
Mercedes-Benz World, Surrey **(11th)**

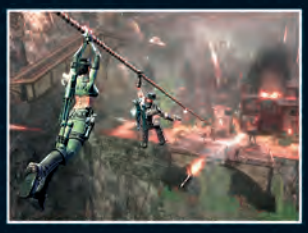
ON THE GAME

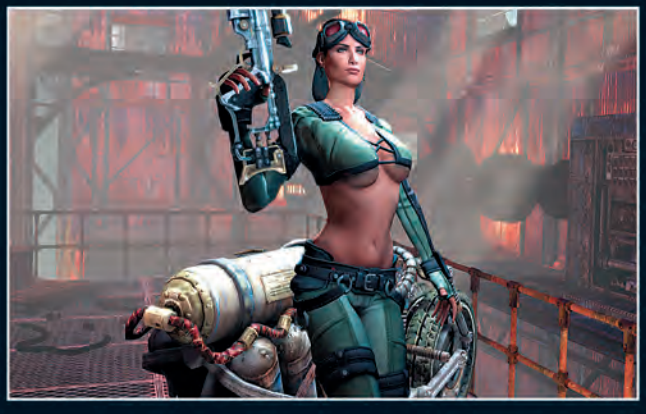
DAMNATION

(Codemasters) *XBOX360, PS3, PC*

★★★★

Shit that's a good title for a game – how come nobody's thought of it before, we wonder...? Still, think of it they didn't, so Codemasters have bagged a great title for what turns out to be a pretty impressive game. Set in an alternative steampunk world (d'oh, you know, where steam got the nod over electricity when it came to choosing an optimal power source!) this is a cracking shooter in which you spend level after level getting up to the kind of Hollywood-inspired lunacy that takes your average daredevil, turns it over, pulls its little tail off and spanks its botty until it's crying for its mum. There are multiplayer options too, of course, so this one should keep the adrenalin pumping for quite long enough to more than justify the thirty-odd nicker outlay!





NINJA BLADE

(Microsoft) *Xbox 360*

★★★

Everyone quite fancies the idea of being a ninja, don't they? Given enough innate talent and training, we could all do it, right? Then again, wouldn't you rather just settle down with a beer or two and just pretend to ninja it up for a couple of hours every now and again? Quite, us too, so this Tokyo-based actioner had us interested from the off, as we set out to save the world using all the tools at a ninja's disposal, including innumerable weapons, heightened perceptions (aka Ninja Vision!) and, for some added realism at home, a brace of fully retractable testes. It's satisfying enough, too, although it's hard to overcome the sneaky suspicion that this is chiefly a pitch to the Japanese market to get them to think Microsoft (it's only available on XBOX, see) rather than Sony...

THE SIMS 3

(EA) *PC, Mac*

★★★

Assuming that a combination of real-life and all that soap opera crud served up by the TV channels still don't satisfy your craving for character based drama, there's really only one thing for it, isn't there? That's right, read some sort of book. Oh, hang on though, this is 2009, so stuff that – if you want to get your vicarious jollies these days, The Sims has got to be the way forward. OK, so it's been knocking around for years now, but this second re-working throws in a good few elements that should get existing fans' knickers nice and moist, and should also pull in a good few new punters as well. More freedom to create a Sim means you can really go to town and churn out a real oddball, while improved character delineations (there are 700m combinations available!) and more freedom to roam outdoors add plenty of life to the old set-up. Girls'll love it.

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

BANGED DOWN UNDER

After over four years of living together in a rented flat with my current girlfriend, Jenny, we both decided it was time to get onto the property ladder and invest in a house. Within a matter of weeks the papers were signed at the solicitors and we had possession of the keys to our new abode. We couldn't wait to move in, but neither of us relished the moving process and the idea of packing our worldly goods into boxes and hauling them off in a van was rather unappealing. It was soon brought to my attention that the job would be down to me, and as my girlfriend disappeared off to do a spot of furniture shopping, I was left to get on with it.

As I was shoving boxes about, I noticed one containing a number of bits and pieces belonging to my other half. Old diaries, photographs of holidays in the sun and wild nights out, other mementoes and an old video cassette tape entitled 'From Sandy and Martin X.' Sandy and Martin were a couple that my girlfriend had lived with when she had traveled to Australia during a gap year from Uni. It was before we had got together; however as I understand it, the time that she spent in Oz with this hedonistic couple was probably one of the best experiences of her life. Without even thinking of the consequences I threw the cassette into our old VHS player and sat back to see what was on it. Expecting a film of sandy beaches, barbecues and blue ocean waves, I was rather shocked to see that this was not the case at all. Instead a rather lopsidedly positioned camera had been set up to film both Sandy and my missus go at it in a badly lit room! I gulped unbelievingly but couldn't keep my eyes off what was happening on the screen.

Both girls were lying on a bed, in nothing more than skimpy thongs and heels. Without blowing smoke up her arse, I'm not scared to admit that my girlfriend is quite hot; however Sandy was fucking gorgeous and had a body to die for. I immediately reached for my cock, which was now bulging in my jeans, anticipating that these two vixens were about to get it on. Preparing to wank myself into oblivion as I witnessed this home movie lez-fest, I was suddenly forced to stop and rethink my actions. The two girls sat up on the bed and smiled in the direction of a third person entering the room. It was that lucky bastard Martin who, judging by the stupid grin on his face, had realized that all his birthdays and Christmases had arrived at once. At this point I was starting to feel a bit perturbed by it all, as I realized that I was probably going to witness my girlfriend being rogered by this Australian. And the look on her face seemed to suggest that she was looking forward to it. She wasted no time in grabbing hold of his semi-erect manhood before going down on it quicker than a sinking submarine. Martin was indeed a

"I couldn't help but notice that he was fingering her glistening wet twat..."

big boy, and immediately made me feel somewhat inadequate.

The big Aussie was now in full glory as the two randy minxes sucked furiously on his cock. They were going at it as if it were the last dick on earth, licking and fondling his balls for good measure as they slurped on his thick pole. They both took turns to suck on his shaft, passing his rod to each other at regular intervals. Martin was clearly enjoying himself, and reached across to pull Sandy's thong to the side and finger her arsehole. Realizing what he was doing, my filthy bitch of a girlfriend immediately whipped off her lacy black undergarment and placed her neatly shaven twat on his face. Then she set about fondling her bronzed tits as Martin dined out on her sweet little pussy. Sandy, meanwhile, kept on sucking his big dick without even flinching. She seemed not to care that her boyfriend was orally servicing her friend. It all seemed like second nature to these two nymphomaniacs. Needless to say, I was glued to the screen!

My girlfriend was soon locked in a 69 position with 'Skippy,' and I couldn't help but notice that he was fingering her glistening wet twat as both Sandy and Jenny found time to kiss each other passionately for the camera. Then they returned to Martin's throbbing hard-on and go to worked on it with gusto. It wasn't long before the big Aussie was showing signs that he was about to shoot his muck. The two girls immediately knelt up with excitement as Martin got into position in front of them. I sat, enthralled as the dirty git unloaded himself all over my missus in what, to be honest, was a magnificent display of male virility aided by an excellent showing of firm wrist action by Sandy.

Clearly enjoying his creamy goo, she spread it all over her tits until they were covered in a shiny, sticky mess. By this time I too had blown my load, all over a hanky I'd fished out of my pocket. To my amazement, though, Martin was not finished. Sandy seemed keen to lap up the remaining beads of spunk hanging from his shaft, but was equally eager to maintain his erection.

"I want to watch you fuck her," she said (I think – the audio was pretty muffled), glancing towards Jenny. At this he grinned one of his stupid grins again and duly parked his mammoth cock between my girlfriend's legs and, after ramming it into her sodden snatch, started to fuck

her like a rodeo rider. I had to admire his stamina, but at the same time wanted to kick the bastard to a pulp.

Sandy, meanwhile, had dislodged the camera from its awkward mounting and was now filming her beaux bang the life out of my missus. I hate to say it, but she was obviously enjoying it immensely, gripping her legs around Martin's waist as he frantically shagged her. Before long she was a mess of sweat and come, but was hanging on for dear life as the big Aussie pounded away. At one point he flipped her over and fucked her doggy style. This went on for another couple of minutes before it was all over and Martin shot his muck again. This time, thankfully, he mostly missed my girlfriend's arched back, instead emptying himself all over the headboard and bed sheets.

The film ended with the two girls in fits of laughter. I immediately rewound it and put it back in the box before loading the rest of the stuff into the van.

Jenny returned from her shopping trip a couple of hours later none the wiser, but I have a new admiration for her, the filthy bitch – and can't stop thinking about her impaled on that fat cock every time I screw here!

Ian, Sudbury.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

After hearing a few of my friends going on about how great it was, I recently joined Facebook, and I have to say I caught the bug pretty quickly. The best thing, though, was it getting back in touch with Gary after nearly ten years!

He'd been my first lover and, although we only went out a few times, I'd often used him as a fantasy when wanking as he had introduced me to the delights of oral sex. In fact he is still the only guy I'd ever been with who knew how to make me come using just his tongue.

It turned out Gary had been married, divorced and was currently living in London, so we arranged to have a meal in the West End and see where things led. He had obviously looked after himself, and I have too, really. He even commented over our second bottle of wine on how he'd still fantasized about me in the intervening years.

It was fairly obvious we were going to end up back at his flat and I must admit, my pussy was already moist as we kissed in the back of the cab and I felt that dextrous tongue of his squirming in my mouth.

As soon as we were inside Gary's Docklands flat we were all over each other, snogging and frantically feeling each other up as we realised how much both of us wanted to fuck.

Gary pinned me against the wall and licked down my cleavage as he groped my arse through my skirt. I pressed my crotch against the bulge in his trousers and wriggled my cunt around, making him stiffen till he was nearly fucking me through our clothes. He undid my blouse and deftly released the clasp on the back of my bra, releasing my tits. I sighed as I felt his mouth close around one hard nipple while he cupped my other breast with his hand.

As he sucked on my tits, I eased open his

trousers and groped inside for his dick. Already rigid, I dragged it out and gently stroked the shaft, pushing his foreskin all the way back over the bulbous knob. My cunt was begging for attention by now and I wondered if Gary still enjoyed the taste of a nice wet fanny. He soon answered this thought by slowly sinking to his knees in front of me and lifting the hem of my skirt up to my waist. Keeping his hands on my tits, squeezing them and flicking the nipples, he nuzzled the taut panties covering my cunt. He placed his mouth directly over my sex mound and started slurping noisily at my still clothed cunt. It felt so good as he poked the sodden material into the groove of my twat with his tongue. I wanted it inside me, and I parted my legs wider as I leant back against the wall, yanking the gusset of my sopping knickers to one side so Gary could suck my hole.

Letting go of my tits, he slid his hands onto my bum and gripped it tight as he licked along the hairless entrance to my slit. I moaned with pleasure as Gary began to tickle my stiff little clit with his tongue, slipping his fingers into the crack of my arse as he did so.

My legs nearly buckled as he pushed his tongue into the gooey folds of my cunt and buried it as far up my tunnel as he could. He was as good as I remembered, and I could feel my thigh muscles tremble almost immediately as he squirmed his tongue expertly inside me, before pulling it out to flick my clit once more. He repeated the action over and over building the climax in my cunt and then letting me balance on the edge, as he expertly worked my hungry twat.

I was now desperate for release and he knew exactly the moment to push his index finger hard up my dripping gash and concentrate his tongue on my clit. I came straight into his mouth and he gallantly attempted to swallow the love juice that gushed out of my cunt as the orgasm shook every sinew in my body.

Close to collapsing, I beckoned Gary over to the huge leather sofa and pushed him down onto it. Hungry for dick I stuffed his twitching shaft into my mouth and sucked it to the back of my throat, running my tongue all over its length as I did so. Gary grabbed my shoulders and pleaded with me to sit on his prick. Happy to oblige, I straddled his waist and aimed his meat at my still dribbling cunt, as Gary once again fondled my boobs.

Lowering my fanny onto the tip of his dick, I made sure it was just inside before dropping down onto him, causing his rigid tool to plunge up to his balls in my well-greased hole. Gary pinched my nipples as I started to ride him, my arsecheeks slapping against his thighs as we screwed. His grip on my breasts became harder as he thrust upwards into me, pistoning his aching muscle in and out as I bounced up and down.

Gary suddenly growled with lust and his whole body tensed as the spunk rose up from his balls and burst deep inside my twitching cunt. I could feel every squirt of his seed as he emptied his load up me. As soon as the last jet had been fired, I raised my twat off his cock and watched as his semen flooded out of my gaping cunt, all over his prick and bollocks.

"Gary growled with lust and his whole body tensed as the spunk rose up from his balls..."

Eager not to waste his seed, I knelt between Gary's legs and licked the sticky white sperm into my mouth, staring into his eyes as I deliberately swirled it around my mouth before gulping it down.

By the time I'd finished, there wasn't a spot of come left on Gary's crotch, but luckily his dick was ready for more as it stood proudly before me and I lay back on the carpet and gaped my legs for round two.

We spent the night fucking and sucking each other and have met up several times since then for more of the same.

I'd certainly recommend looking up your old mates on the Internet, especially if you still fantasize about fucking them!

Lorraine, Stevenage. ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Top quality filmage to chose from this month. Go on, fill your boots...

RATINGS: ★ MICK MCMANUS ★★ KENDO NAGASAKI ★★★ GIANT HAYSTACKS ★★★★ BIG DADDY ★★★★★ RANDY ROBINSON

The Wrestler (Optimum Home Entertainment)

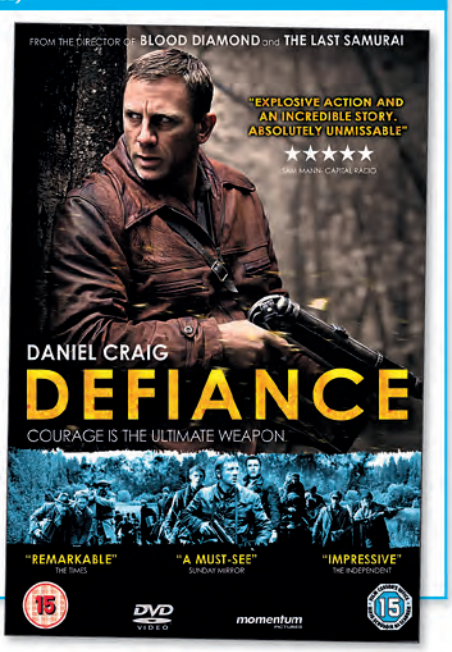
Well, we've got to two leading nominations for the 2009 best actor Oscar up against each other this month, and we have to say we reckon the Academy called it wrong, because Mickey Rourke is bang on in this one. Just like dear old Winnie Churchill, Rourke's years in the wilderness seem to have done him the power of good, because his turn as Randy 'The Ram' Robinson couldn't be more deftly essayed. In a way it's a continuation of his role in *Sin City*, with the same gruff voice and doomed romanticism suffusing the character of Randy as was found in Big Marv. OK, so this has a bit of a low budged indie feel about it, but the small cast are all perfect (especially Marisa Tormei as a stripper nearing her sell-by date), the script's as tight as a pair of spandex leggings and Rourke's fantastic as the ageing headliner drawn back to the ring for one final showdown... ★★★★★

Milk (Momentum Pictures)

Pipping Rourke, Sean Penn bagged the gong for his portrayal of pioneering gay rights campaigner Harvey Milk. OK, so it might have been a PC decision, but you can't deny the power of Penn's performance, and the story itself certainly merits bringing to a wider public. Milk was the first (openly) gay man elected to a major public office in America (guess which city!). He comes across as an admirable political activist whose career was cut brutally short. An engaging film, whatever your political colours. ★★★★

Defiance (Momentum Pictures)

Based on the true story of a Robin Hood-style band of not-even-remotely-merry Jews hiding in the woods during the Nazi occupation of East Poland, Daniel Craig plays their blue-eyed leader Tuvia Bielski. With Liev Schreiber as his brother Zus (and Jamie Bell as another), there's a fair bit of sibling rivalry to complicate matters for our somewhat-Aryan-looking hero. Inspiring stuff, though, with some great set pieces thrown in – and enough dead Hun to keep most war film fans more than happy! ★★★



The Grudge 3 (Icon Home Entertainment)

Well it'd be easy to dismiss this as a straight American remake of the original Japanese *Ju-On 3*, but that can't be the case, since they only made the two (both already remade in America), so it seems director Takashi Shimizu's creepy franchise has got itself a life of its own! As it happens he's one of the producers this time round, with directorial duties having been taken over by Toby Wilkins, and the result is an effective enough addition to the line. So if you're in need of your regular creepy Japanese ghost carnage fix, this should keep you going till the next hit comes along. ★★★

The Good The Bad The Weird (Icon Home Entertainment)

The long-standing love affair between Spaghetti Westerns and far Eastern cinema continues; only a few months after the utterly barking *Sukiyaki Western Django* appeared, this deranged offering from Korea's Kim Ji-woon comes along. Set in 1930s Manchuria, it's the tale of three outlaws whose paths cross after an exuberantly shot – and fantastically violent – train robbery. Throw in the Japanese Army and you've got all sorts of scrapes to negotiate. Stylish, witty and ebullient, it makes you wonder why the best we can manage is shit like *The Boat That Rocked*. ★★★★

Vicky Cristina Barcelona (Optimum Home Entertainment)

Speaking of which, it was the Richard Curtis-inspired *Match Point* that made a lot of us suspect that Woody Allen was losing the plot, but thankfully this time round he's taken his cue from a different European director – Pedro Almodóvar – and the results are far more satisfying. Scarlett Johansson and Rebecca Hall star as two friends who, during a holiday to the Catalonian capital, both end up embroiled in a love triangle (make that a quadrangle – ex wife Penelope Cruz pitches up as well) with Javier Bardem at its centre. Yes, it's a rom-com, but with this pedigree, you can't really quibble. ★★★★

Woodstock: 3 Days of Peace And Music (Warner Home Video)

This summer marks the 40th anniversary of the rock festival to end them all, and to celebrate Warner have produced this 4-disc (or 2 blu-ray disc) special edition of the 1970 film that immortalised the event. Turning a 3 day bash into a movie meant a lot of material ended up on the cutting room floor, and this release goes some way to restoring all the lost stuff, with new footage of bands like The Grateful Dead, Santana, and The Who finally making it onto the playlist. It's been remastered in 5.1, too, for the surround sound generation. That's right, man, I'm talking about My G-G-G-G-Generation! ★★★★

TippleX

Each issue, and purely in the interests of investigative journalism, Club's house dipso tracks down and taste tests some premium booze just so we can give you the lowdown. This month it's time for a drop of fizz...

Veuve Cliquot Yellow Label

What...

It's taken us a while, but we've finally got round to blagging a bottle of Champagne to review. But not any of your old own label rubbish – VQ have been going for over 230 years, and know a thing or two about churning out the bubbly.

Why...

Let's face it, there are times when nothing else will quite do the job, and if you're going to go for a bottle of fizz, you might as well get it from someone who can knock together a bottle of the good stuff. It's nigh on 200 years since the widow (*veuve*) of Françoise Cliquot twigged to a technique of draining out the dregs of the sparkly (that's *remuage*, if you want to sound all poncy about it) and thereby produced the first truly modern Champagne – before that it had been cloudy and not at all like what we're used to. The world went mad for this crisp new tipple, and the rest is history. Ponsardin, by the way, was the inventive lady's maiden name...

Where..

Wherever people are likely to clock you – you wouldn't want to be sitting around on your todd necking this.

When...

Well who knows, maybe despite the economic gloom you've managed to avoid redundancy – or you've got yourself a new job? Or maybe someone's getting married/ born? Or perhaps you're just a toff who wouldn't think of drinking anything else!

How...

Tall flute – those flat glasses mean all the bubbles pop too quickly!

Who...

Well the Queen, for starters – it's been granted a royal warrant, after all. ♣

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PEACHES

It's the only place to find all of your bum banter and tales of backdoor fun – every single month!

COTTAGE JEEZ!

The girlfriend and I love your mag as the girls are always really hot and we both like looking at them before a good fuck session, and boy, do we fuck as often as possible.

We live quite far away from each other so we often book away trips to holiday cottages and screw like bunnies!

Lora had booked a little place in Dorset and she had arrived first. She always likes dressing up for our dirty weekends and I had a raging stiffy on the train just thinking about what sexy stuff from her wardrobe she would bring along to get me going.

I knocked on the door of the thatched house in the village and Lora opened the door wearing a long velvet robe like something from the Addams Family! Her long jet-black hair hung over her shoulders and she'd made up her face like one of those Goth chicks, with thick black eye shadow and bright purple lipstick. Jeez, she looked weird but also as hot as fuck and I couldn't wait to see what she had on underneath.

Lora played her role well and led me into the cosy candlelit lounge, which had big oak beams on the ceiling and heavy dark furniture that would have looked at home in a medieval castle. I followed her in and drank the goblet of wine she offered before taking her in my arms and kissing her sexy pouting lips. I felt the firmness of her basque beneath the velvet as she pressed her full breasts against my chest and pushed her warm tongue into my mouth. The scent of her musky perfume filled my nostrils and my dick stiffened as I slid my hands down to her lovely rounded arse, my fingers touching the taut suspenders as I cupped her buttocks and squashed her crotch against my bulging cock.

Lora's fingers expertly unzipped my trousers and groped inside for my prick, gripping the shaft and dragging back my foreskin, making the old man grow to full hardness in an instant.

Pushing me over to the chaise longue, Lora knelt between my legs and took the tip of my knob in her mouth, smearing the bulbous end with her purple lipstick as she swirled my dick around in her slurping mouth. I opened her velvet robe and stared at the purple satin cups that just about contained her overflowing tits. Prising them free, I mauled the soft flesh with my fingers before pinching the nipples hard, which I knew would make Lora's cunt juice up nice and quick.

After a few minutes of delicious head I was ready to sample that lovely twat of hers and pushed her down onto the finely upholstered seat. Lora's dress was split right up to her crotch, and as she spread her thighs wide apart,

I feasted my eyes on her fishnet stockings and high heeled ankle boots. Slipping my hands under her bum, I pushed my head between her thighs and started lapping at her bare shaven pussy, relishing the thick fluid that was already leaking into my mouth. Lora comes quickly and I'd barely slipped a finger inside her tight little arsehole before she was squirting love goo down my throat and every muscle in her body seemed to be twitching uncontrollably.

Without saying a word, Lora turned over on the seat, pulled her gown up over her bum and spread her buttocks with her fingers. Soaked with her pussy juice and glistening in the candlelight, her arse crack and tiny backdoor looked so inviting that I thrust my tongue inside as far as I could, nearly suffocating as her butt cheeks enveloped my nose and mouth. I probed her anus for a while as she squirmed against me, but my cock was desperate to bury itself up that tunnel and I withdrew my tongue and pressed the tip of my prick against the taut entrance. Lora's come made great lubricant and I was inside her in a second, slowly pushing forward as her arse swallowed my shaft. Lora moaned and wriggled on my dick while I reached down and gripped her swinging tits, kneading

"It felt filthy, banging her arse while our fingers squirmed around in her cunt"

the nipples between my finger and thumb. I felt Lora's finger slip up her cunt as I began to piston my prick all the way in and then pull it all the way out, watching her bumhole gape for a second as my meat pulled clear and then stuffing it back inside her up to my balls. With a scream of lust, Lora came again and her arse muscles constricted my shaft even more, clenching my dick like a vice. I let go of one tit and joined Lora fingering her gash. It felt so fucking filthy, banging her arse while our fingers squirmed around together in her sodden cunt.

It was all too much for me and I knew I had to unload my spunk right there and then. Keen to spray her bumcrack with jizz, I dragged my tool out of her and prepared to fire. Lora had other ideas, and, swivelling around, rammed my pulsing cock straight into her eager mouth. She sucked it in just as the first spurt erupted from the end and I could hear her gulp as the seed hit the back of her throat. Greedily, Lora slurped on my schlong as I fired what seemed gallons of sperm into her mouth. To think my dick had seconds earlier been fucking her arse and now she was blowing me like a pro!

As I finished coming, Lora pulled her face away from my crotch and looked up at me. She smiled sweetly and opened her mouth, showing me a pool of white spunk, which she swirled around her mouth with her tongue before gulping it down in one like the dirty little slut she can be.

Lora had me ready for more in mere minutes thanks to her perverted performance with one of the candles, but that is another story that I'll

have to tell you about another time as she's coming to visit in a few hours and I've got other things on my mind!

Jon, Exeter.

SOPHIE SO GOOD

My girlfriend Sophie was pretty innocent when we first got together last Autumn. She'd only slept with one guy before me, and he'd been pretty green as well, so I've had plenty of opportunities to introduce her to new delights in the bedroom. The first time I went down on her she started off all shy, but by the time I'd spent 10 minutes or so lapping away at her sweet little pussy she was coming so hard she practically screamed the place down, and now she can't get enough of it!

All in all, I figure I've done a pretty good job getting her to be more adventurous, but I hadn't yet broached the subject of anal sex. To be honest, I'd never done it myself before, and so I didn't feel particularly qualified to teach Sophie all about it. So I was a bit taken aback when, as we were getting frisky a couple of weeks back, she suddenly stopped and whispered, "I've heard that some girls like to be screwed in the bum – is that right?"

"Erm, yes, so I believe," I replied, my cock giving an involuntary twitch in her hand.

"Mmm, and I get the sneaky feeling you quite like the idea as well, don't you?" she continued.

It seemed a little difficult to deny the fact, seeing as my cock continued swelling in her hand as we were speaking.

"Well, perhaps we ought to try it then," she grinned, and I could only croak my agreement as, there and then, she disappeared under the duvet and, within seconds I felt her warm lips enclosing over my tingling prick.

Now given that a few months earlier Sophie had never sucked a cock in her life, she now knew how to do a pretty job, and her tongue swirled over my glans while she sucked away, ensuring that it wasn't long before my cock was pumped up to full volume and more than ready for anything she might want to do with it!

In fact, Sophie was doing such a good job I suddenly realised I was on the verge of coming, and before I could even warn her I felt myself exploding in her mouth, filling her with thick jets of my seed. Not that this seemed to bother Sophie much! A few seconds later she emerged, a wicked look on her face, which puzzled me for a moment.

As I watched she dribbled a bit of my seed out of her mouth and, with a wicked glint in her eye, reached down under the bedding. She was evidently using my goo as some sort of lube, and she sighed to herself distractedly as she rubbed the stuff round her virgin arsehole.

Despite having just come, my cock was still rock hard as Sophie turned her back to me and, grabbing hold of my dick, gently guided it towards her bum. Not wanting to hurt her, I let her set the pace, so I merely rolled over onto my side so that we were in the classic spoons position, as the tip of my prick nestled against the slippery opening of her back passage.

"With that she pushed back, and slowly my shaft inched its way into her bum..."

As I trembled with anticipation Sophie grabbed hold of my shaft more firmly and began to push her hips back against me. She didn't make much progress at first, but suddenly, much to my delight, I felt her open up and my helmet slipped into her tight passage. She let out a gasp and stopped pushing back; clearly the sensation was going to take a bit of getting used to, so I whispered to her, asking if everything was OK.

"Yes, it's fine," she breathed back. "It's just a strange feeling – it doesn't hurt, though."

With that she began to push back again, and oh-so-slowly my shaft inched its way into her bum, until it came to a stop buried about half way in. The tightness of her sphincter around my dick was incredible, and I just lay there, enjoying the sensation as Sophie began to tentatively rock her hips back and forth, gently fucking herself with my bloated tool.

"Oh Christ, that feels nice!" she moaned after a bit, while I reached round to finger her proud clit. As she continued, she was half pumping her arse back and forth on my cock, and half rubbing her pussy against my fingers, and before long her thrusts were getting harder and faster. By now most of my cock was burying itself deep inside her each time she pushed back, and every time she pulled forward her tight ring squeezed my glans deliciously.

Sophie was in a world of her own now, groaning and trembling as she continued to impale herself on me until, with a loud gasp, she suddenly climaxed – and I have to say it was the biggest orgasm I'd ever seen her have. She jerked about for what felt like an age before it finally subsided.

All the tugging and massaging I'd been given by her spasming arse had brought me back to the brink again, so I rolled her over onto her front, with me on top of her, and buried my cock deep into her arse once more. It only took a couple more strokes before I was coming again, squirting my second load of jizz into her while she writhed and squirmed beneath me.

After I'd done we lay like that for a few minutes, until my spent cock slithered out of her well-used bumhole and I collapsed next to her.

After that I figured Sophie's education was more or less complete, and we've both become total fans of anal fun. She's a total little slut now, and I'm loving it!

James, Luton. ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
Send your bum banter to: **Peaches, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1D 7AW**, or you can e-mail them to us at ***clubint@paulraymond.com***. There's £50 for every letter we print, so remember to include your name and address. Don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

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SCRUFF JUSTICE!

We've seen plenty of crap bongo films over the years, but this month we've unearthed 3 corkers for you!

RATINGS: ★ MRSA ★★ BUNCH OF GRAPES ★★★ BED BATH ★★★★ ALL-OVER MASSAGE ★★★★★ OOH MATRON!

Nurses (Digital Playground)

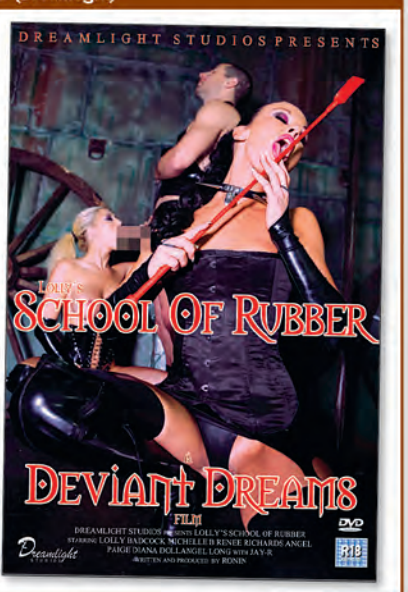
For a nation raised on Babs Windsor's "Oi saucy!" routine, nurses have long been a particularly popular kink, and this blockbuster from Digital Playground's all-star cast more than does it justice. With the likes of Jesse Jane, Stoya, Riley Steele, Shay Jordan and Jenna Haze all trying on the uniforms and a cock or two, it's really hard to settle on a particular highlight, although the scene in which Shay Jordan and Katsuni share a cock takes some beating! The five on one scene at the end comes pretty close, though! At over three hours long, the feature is split over a couple of discs, features loads of great scenes, stunning girls, great camerawork and a pretty funny script. That makes it a five in our books! ★★★★★

Slam It! Even Harder (Harmony)

Apart from the resemblance between covergirl Missy Stone and *Club* regular Fran, there are few surprises from the latest Gazzman offering – but given that he's been churning out some blistering scruff lately, who wants surprises!? A cracking opener sees sultry Mina fingering her own jacksie before being joined by a couple of stuntcocks, who set about ravaging both her holes. There's more two-on-one fun for Charlotte next, before it's Missy's turn to take a fine-looking bumming in the bathroom. Three great scenes, and we're only half way there! With Olga, Brandi and Sophie to come, backdoor fans should be in seventh heaven! ★★★★★

Lolly's School of Rubber (Dreamlight)

Well, we wouldn't mind betting that the OFSTED inspection for this one's a resounding FAIL, but if it's a showcase of British talent you're after, with a good dollop of fetish-y rubber thrown in, then this flick nails it. We kick off with teacher Lolly calling her two pupils slags before setting to work on them, with tongues and toys getting everywhere. Then Renee Richards gets in on the act with Lolly (and lots of oily close-ups of speared smoos). There's more lesbiary next, with a gas mask thrown in, before a real cock finally turns up in the next scene, giving Michelle B what for. Five scenes in all, and while they're on the dark side, they're also pretty good. ★★★★



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BETTER RED THAN DEAD!

Discrimination is a terrible thing – especially when it's against big-titted beauties!

PHOTOS: FRÉDÉRIC DELMAS

Well, just in case our comments about Joa have got Alistair Darling feeling a bit down in the dumps (as we have it on very good authority he's an avid *Club* reader), we thought we'd throw in this set to show that things aren't always terrible when you're in the red! OK, so unlike the nation Helen here isn't actually horribly in debt (except, perhaps, to Mother Nature for providing her with the sort of charlies that many girls would happily pay through the nose for) but she is, at least, wearing red – and doesn't she look good in it? In fact we were so blown away by how hot she looked when we arrived to supervise the shoot, it took us practically the whole shoot before we noticed she was actually a bit of a ginga.

That got us thinking – perhaps it's time to stamp out the sort of prejudices that redheads have faced over the years. Let's face it, Helen's about as fine a specimen of womanhood as you could wish for, which makes us equal-opportunity pervs! ♣

HELEN

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0984 560 0557

Calls recorded 36p per minute plus Access Charge 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY LIVE SEX

FILTHY GRANNY

ONLY 36p per minute

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FANCY A FUCK? CALL US NOW! 0203 898 0074

Ladyboys From Thailand!

Do you want to FUCK a girl with a bigger cock than you?!

09845 755 741

18+ DIRTIEST TEENS!

VIRGINS WITH JUICY TIGHT LITTLE CUNTS

09097 453 165

DIRTY STEP MUM WANTS YOUR CUM!

CALL ME I'LL FUCK ANYONE!

09823 461750

LIVE GRANNY SEX

CUM PLAY WITH MY WET OLD PUSSY!

09823 461 751

Cock Suckers

"Hear how 5 men spunked into my mouth at the same time!"

09845 755 742

SLIDE into a BBW's FAT HOLE

CALL ME & CUM FUCK ME!

09097 453 166

SLUTTY GRAN LOVES BIG COCKS!

"I'LL DO THINGS TO YOU THAT YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE!"

CALL OR TEXT NOW! 09823 461 753

TEXT ME NOW TO SWAP FILTHY MESSAGES & PICS!

Text: XSLUTS To: 89126

Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

POSH MRS.

I'M PLAYING WITH MY WET POSH PUSSY. CALL ME NOW!

LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!

09823 461 752

ASAIN CUM SLUTS!

"I'M EASY TO PLEASE CUM & FUCK ME NOW!

09097 453 167

SINGLE MUM CUM FUN!

"I'M NAKED & READY TO FUCK! CALL ME NOW!"

09823 461754

40+ MILF

WET & HORNY GAGGING FOR COCK!

09823 461 755

Ladies who Lick!

2 WET PUSSIES WANT A COCK!

UNZIP and UNLOAD!

call now! 09097 453 168

LET'S TALK FUCKING FILTH LIVE! 09097 453 169

Texting TEENS 18+

"I want you to fuck my smooth wet pussy!"

text XCUTE to 89126

Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

XRATED KINKY BITCH

THERE'S NO PLEASURE WITHOUT PAIN

09845 755 743

You must text the Mistress now. She demands it!

Text: XPERV To: 89126

Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

BOUND GAGGED & SHAGGED

CALL TO CUM!

"I'm at your mercy!"

09845 755 744

CALL NOW TO HEAR ME FUCKING LIVE! 09823 461 756

TEXT ME NOW & SEE ME GET FUCKED OVER THE KITCHEN COUNTER!

Text: HWIVES To: 89126

Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

HAVE YOU BEEN A BAD BOY?

CALL OR TEXT OFFICER PETRA TO SERVE YOUR PUNISHMENT!

09845 755 745

Text: OFFICER To: 89126

Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

[XXX] SHOOT YOUR LOAD OVER MY MASSIVE SOAPY TITS! AND FUCK MY SMOOTH, WET CUNT!

09097 453 170

STOCKING CLAD SLUT WANTS YOUR COCK! SHE'S LIVE CALL NOW!

[XXX]

09823 461757

DARK AND DELICIOUS COCK FUCKIN CENSORED CUM LOVING SLUTS

09097 453 171

60+ Gilf Filth!

MY CUNT NEEDS LOOSE FILLING!

09823 461 758

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★ IT'S A FILTHYCHEAP ★ WANKFEST!

ALL CALLS JUST 36P!

★ ALL GIRLS ARE ★ LIVE & 1-2-1

ONLY 36P PER MINUTE

0984 560 0419

0984 560 0420

0984 560 0425

KNICKERS
LIVE 1-2-1
BREATHE in my strong PUSSY STENCH FROM MY DAMP KNIX
I'LL HOLD THEM OVER YOUR FACE AND MAKE YOU BREATHE DEEP!
"Sniff my Kni
CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL NO

0984 560 0427

0984 560 0434

COUGARS
I'LL SHOW U FILTH YOU NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF!
XXX HARDCORE
I'LL RIDE YOU LIKE A WILD CAT!
FILL UP EVERY HOLE
WHEN I DECIDE I WANT YOU I DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER

0984 560 0452

BANGKOK CHICK BOYS
BEND ME OVER AND USE MY ARSE AS A CUNT!
I won't tell it'll be our little secret!
TOO HOT TO RESIST!
ALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL N

0984 560 0456

POSH TOTTY
I always get what I want, and I want your COCK!
SPOILED LITTLE PRINCESS
YOUNG POSH & FILTHY
CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CAL

0984 560 0460

0984 560 0462

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd, Careline: 0203 455 2145.

MORE BACK ISSUES THAN YOU CAN SHAKE YOUR TACKLE AT!

GET THEM NOW @... WWW.PAULRAYMOND.XXX

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phone numbers of local girls
WANTING SEX?
Just TEXT your age to
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LADIES & GENTS LOOKING FOR SEX
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SEXY, EXCITING FILMS & PHOTOS THAT
YOU'LL WANT TO WATCH OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
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WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE - WE'LL DO THE REST
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*** OFFER ONLY FOR FIRST TIME BUYERS ***

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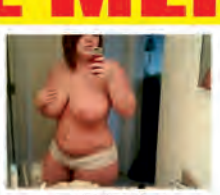
UK ONLY LONELY HEARTS - ADULT DATING SERVICE
FREE MEMBERSHIP - JOIN NOW!

SWEET_P(36)
Into Dogging and OUTDOOR sex, would love to find regular FB for serious regular fun. I will try anything once, maybe twice ;oP
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 80



FUN2GO
Looking for a guy that knows how to please a girl. and in return ill do everything you want! 'A' 'OW' 'CIM' 'CIA' 'ATM' 'DP'
Can travel and or accom
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 77

HOLLY@bt
Like what you see? the camera doesn't lie, yep that's my arse & I there's tits to match. Give me a call if you candle handle me!
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 79

PARTY_GIRL84
Long tanned legs and a body made to F**K but nobdy here to help. Cum and use me. I'm all yours for the taking! Call me and lets hook up
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 85

JOANNE
I'm bored and lonely Cum F**K my A$$ hard and do what you want with me! I'm available to accom or travel and free most days!
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 98

3XYW3LD
Hello I'm Cass, 27 Biology student, My lectures are Mon, Wed & Fri I'm FREE most evenings for dirty man action - I'm all yours!
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 87

BBW43
Up for anything. very hungry girl. will take everything you have to give! No restrictions
Free most evenings.
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 94

100% DISCREET - ADULT DATING SERVICE- MUST BE AGED OVER 18: CALL 09826 621271
AGE & SIZE UNIMPORTANT BUT YOU MUST BE DISCREET, CLEAN & RESPECTFUL - NO TIMEWASTER PLEASE!

GRANNY_76
Single, bouncy granny Wolverhampton area. Happy to travel or accom if U R a massive tit fan mine are out and ready for your attention.
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 83

ELLIE 42
I'm Lonely and looking for long term partner. no time wasters or trophy hunters please.
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 86

BBW_40
Sex starved plus size mum. Happy to travel (within reason) No time wasters or false promises please. age, size, race unimportant.
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 72

AAB1234
I just love sex with randy strangers -I'm into DOGGING big time, DON'T need your name just your C**K. Cum give me a go?
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 91

JULIE-37
READY 4 SUM FUN?
Give me a call I'm keen to hook up soon, I have lots of spare time and nothing going on.
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 99

FRENCH_STU97
I am 23, 5ft 4 tall with long brown hair & green eyes. I am told I have a sexy bum, into pubs, clubs and having any sort of fun.
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 73

SARA_J
Fancy some dirty fun? Recently divorced, looking to make up for lost time. Very open minded!
CALL ME ON: 09826 6212 76

Contact Real Local Girls Who FUCK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

35p PER MINUTE
PSYCHO FUCK
CALL NOW FOR LIVE DIRTY FUCKING
ITS SO INTENSE DIRTY ROUGH SEX - YOU'LL FUCKING LOVE IT
0982 505 0572

94 YEAR OLD GRANNY
WELCOMES ANY COCK SHE CAN GET
SHE FINGERS HER TIRED OLD CUNT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO JUST NEED A GOOD FUCK
35p per minute
X-RATED OAP SEX
0982 505 1460

See Dirty PICS of Girls Who FUCK For FREE text: 07441 915 094

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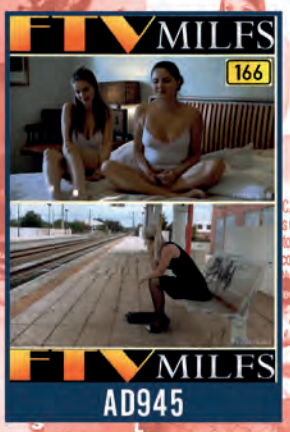

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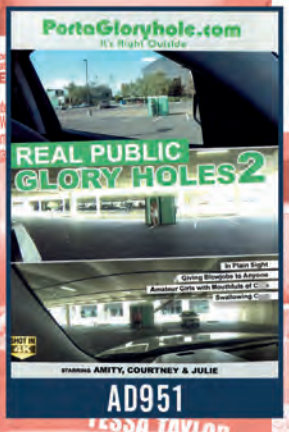

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Please make cheques/postal orders payable to ***Revista Marketing.*** *Write your postcode on the reverse of cheques. Postal Orders* ***MUST*** *be left uncrossed. We cannot accept crossed postal orders.*

SIGNATURE _____

(By Signing you confirm you are at least 18 years of age)

PR2304B

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TOTAL	

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IMPORTANT Please seal your envelope with sellotape

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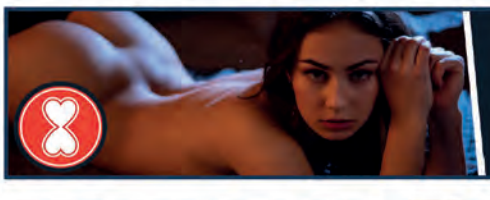

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DESSERT ORCHID!

So Peaches has enjoyed a nice boozy lunch, but what can she possibly have for afters?

PHOTOS: VLT

Picture the scene; you've been out for a nice lunch with a couple of models, got through a bottle of wine or so each whilst pretending to talk about business (but really just flirting and trying to impress them) and then Peaches pipes up that, "Drinking at lunchtime always makes me really horny!" Well, what are you supposed to do?

Quite, and that's exactly what we were planning, when the other model, who for some reason goes by the name of Orchid, jumped in ahead of us and propositions her! So that was us out of the equation, but at least, what with these girls being models, we got to tag along and take loads of pictures of them as they set about sweating out all that booze with some lesbo sex!

To be honest it's difficult to bear a grudge against two girls who are rubbing themselves off right in front of you, so there were no hard feelings. Except the ones in our boxers, that is... ♣

See Peaches take Orchid's flower at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

For more postprandial pussy-lapping, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT MORE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint@paulraymond.com

OPTIMIST SUB-PRIME!
Well, we guess it's one way to get Phil and Kirsty interested, but we're not convinced...

ENDING UP ON THE (SESAME) STREET
An economic downturn was always going to be hard for those previously employed with an arm stuck up their arse...

MOTORING A-FENCE
Excuse us, mister, but can we have our car back – we accidentally hit it over into your garden.

STRAP-ON COCK
The Kazakh goal-scorer dedicated his late winner to Borat...

RACK(NID) AND RUIN
Spidey lost his job and home after he was found to be rather sticky-fingered.

GETTING UP TO NO HOOD...
Want to look at scruff online without worrying about your mum catching you? Gentlemen, we have the solution.

UDDERLY BAFFLING!
We looked this one up in the Highway Code – apparently it means 'give way to giant car/cow mutants being driven by streaks of lightning'.

EXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISS

DOES IT GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS?

CAGNEY SCORES A PERFECT 10!

ISSUE 38.08 ON SALE 16th JULY

Getting Ennie?! You will do in next month's issue!

Natasha and Andie – one's Nice and the other's randy!

Anyone fancy a nip of Brandy to warm them up before bed?

Contact Real Local Girls Who F*CK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

CHEAP W*NK LINES

CALL NOW & SHOOT YOUR LOAD

35p per minute

Milf

0982 505 1600 - DIRTY FILTHY PHONE SEX
0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH
0982 505 1602 - CUM RELIEF IN SECONDS
0982 505 1603 - GRANNY WANTS MORE SEX!!!
0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0982 505 1610 - BLACK GIRLS DO IT DIRTIER
0982 505 1605 - SWEET TEEN 1ST TIMERS 18+
0982 505 1606 - SAGGY GRANNY BUCKET C*NT
0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX NOW
0982 505 1607 - BIG TITTED GIRLS VERY F*CKABLE
0982 505 1608 - VERY HORNY TEENAGERS 18+

(Call cost 35p per minute + your phone company's access charge)

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(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

Text Filthy Girls for Dirty Sex / Naked Pics : 07441 915 094

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WELCOMES ANY C*CK SHE CAN GET

GRANNY FR*GGS HER TIRED OLD C*NT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO NEED A F*CK

0982 505 1491

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

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0908 145 3047 - Horny Step-mum Is Grateful For Any D*ck She Gets
0908 145 3054 - Strap On Insertion - Get Pounded Really Hard
0908 145 3061 - Grannys Need A Good Screw - All Takers Very Welcome
0908 145 3063 - Pu*sy Boy - Cock & Ball Torture - Submit To Your Mistress
0908 145 3042 - C*ck & Ball Punishment - Submit NOW Pu*sy Boy
0908 145 3072 - Horny Black Girls - Fill Their Black Ripe Holes
0908 145 3085 - Ladyboys Want Deep Penetration - Lubed Or Dry
0908 145 3097 - Horny Grandmother Will Make You Shoot Your Load
0908 145 3061 - 40+ MILFS Sexually Ripe - Just Gagging For SEX 24/7
0908 145 3063 - Mistress Gives Pure Humiliation Obey Your Mistress
0908 145 0514 - Granny Loves Sex, Dirty Old Birds Spread Wide
0908 145 3097 - Thai Sluts Stretch Their Tiny Holes For You
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0908 145 3085 - 50 Plus Get Screwed By Willing Nympho MILFs
0908 145 0529 - Shocking Lesbians Who Enjoy Being Drilled In Every Hole

(Call cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply)

Horny Girls Just Want to Get Dirty With You text: 07441 915 094

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